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(Louisville, Ky. — HENRY WATTERSON, Editor)

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Man on the Wire

By Dorothy Douglas

Kathleen stirred uneasily in the big chair by the fire. A fitful wind had blown up to disturb a calm twilight.

The girl glanced up at the clock and stifled a sigh. Her parents would not return for another two hours and Kathleen had begun to feel the loneliness of being in a house in the country with only a little yellow dog for companionship.

Even Mike had grown restless as he snoozed by the fire and Kathleen watched his little body tremble with inward growls as the creaking of a door or the gentle tapping of branches on the windows disturbed his slumber.

"Mike, if you were not such a nice little yellow dog I would wish you were a Great Dane or some ferocious beast so that I wouldn't feel so spooky when you and I are alone in the house."

Kathleen turned again to her magazine, but the steadily rising wind began to play havoc with her nerves, and when the telephone clashed a loud ring she sprang from her chair in sheer fright.

Kathleen went to the telephone, but no answer rewarded her. The number had not been rung, central informed her.

She returned to her chair, but before she had seated herself another sharp ring startled her. Kathleen spoke with asperity to central.

"The telephone certainly rang!"

"Probably it is the wind," came back from central, and Kathleen hung up the receiver.

She went to her chair, determined not to be disturbed again.

The imperious ring did not come, but a gentle, regular tinkling of the bell continued. Kathleen drew a breath of relief and remembered that often before the wind had played up on the wires in that persistent, exasperating way.

Mike still growled inwardly, but Kathleen became absorbed in her story.

Gradually, however, she became conscious that while the wind had abated there still continued that maddening tinkle of the telephone bell.

Kathleen arose and went to the window. Outside all was calm and clear and moonlit and Kathleen let her troubled nerves absorb some of that calm. After a moment's hesitation she decided to investigate the cause of the telephone's regular tinkling.

Mike, because he felt in duty bound to follow his mistress' every step went with her up the low flight of stairs to the second floor.

Switching on the lights as she went Kathleen made her way to the back of the house and there her nerves again played her false.

A low sound, much as of some one calling came from the outside world. Mike set up a deafening bark and when Kathleen's shaking fingers found the electric switch and flooded the room with light Mike was jumping at the window.

A distinct "Hello" now came through the window. Kathleen gathered all her courage and peered out. The light from the room streamed full force on a man's face. Kathleen had time to observe that it was not the face of a highway robber.

Mike had ceased to bark and Kathleen leaned far out the window.

"Who is there?" she called out.

In a semi-conscious way Kathleen's eyes had traveled beyond the man and she saw, there in the great oak branches, that which had once been an airship.

"I am here—just now," came in a weak but deep voice. "I am hanging by my belt—when that gives out—"

"O!" Kathleen had vanished from the window and now with Mike close at her heels she came swiftly from the kitchen door.

"I will get you a step ladder!" she called to the man, who presented an unusual spectacle hanging from the branch of a tree.

Kathleen struggled there in the moonlight with the great ladder, and then in his almost tragic position, the stranger had the power to admire the sure, swift movement of the little figure.

With an effort he managed to get his feet planted on the ladder the girl held beneath him. When he reached the ground he toppled over. He lay still for a moment and the girl bent over him. She was all strength now and tenderness.

"I'll be all right—in a minute—when my diaphragm gets to working." He sat up. "You saved my life," he said, and looked wonderingly into her face. He was getting his breath back now and his hand unconsciously stroked Mike's nose which had thrust itself into his hand.

Kathleen watched the man and the dog and felt curiously at peace.

"I was out—like an idiot—for a short moonlight sail in the air," the man explained. "It was calm when I started, but that wind—" He cast a rueful glance at the huge wreck in the tree. "I must have hung by that leather belt for 15 minutes. I could, by swinging, touch some wires."

"You certainly did touch some wires; I scolded central and grew peevish at the elements thinking they were responsible for calling me to the phone."

The man echoed her laugh, and it did not seem strange to Kathleen that she was sitting in the back garden with a perfectly strange man and talking as if he were her neighbor.

"It has been an experience," Granger remarked, "but one that I do not care to try again." He gently rubbed the line of his waist where the leather strap seemed still to clutch.

"I am forgetting," Kathleen said with quick thought, "that you may be badly in need of—"

"No, no—that is too much to ask—after you have saved my life," Granger exclaimed and arose to his feet.

Kathleen was silent a moment, then she looked up at the man. "I believe—I am a little afraid to go back in the house—alone," she said.



It was not the face of a highway robber.

shyly, "and the fire in the sitting room needs another log. They are very heavy logs and there are some fresh doughnuts in the house and—"

"Please don't say any more—laughed Granger.

She continued. "I am going to make some coffee and wait up for mamma and papa so that I can hear all about the play." She drew close to Granger. "I hate to do all these things alone."

"I am Tom Granger," he said and kept his voice steady, "and completely at your service."

Kathleen smiled and stooped quickly to pick up the little yellow dog.

"Mike," she said, breathlessly, "tell Mr. Granger that your name is Mike and that you belong to Kathleen McVicker."

TOO HASTY.

At a lecture a well-known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was considerably larger than that of women, and he added humorously:

"I can, therefore, recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young woman seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up and, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."—Tit-Bits.

INCREDIBLE.

Miss Scribble—The heroine of my next story is to be one of those modern advanced girls who have ideas of their own and don't want to get married.

The Colonel (politely)—Ah, indeed, I don't think I ever met that one.—Life.

Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Dec. 14, 1911.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12½c per pound.

Country bacon, 12½c per pound.

Black-eyed peas, \$4.00 per bushel.

Country shoulders, 12½c per pound

Country hams, 21c per pound.

Irish potatoes, \$1.40 per bushel.

Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1 40 per bushel

Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel

Red eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel

Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel

Cabbage, 3 cents a pound.

Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.

Country dried apples, 10c per pound

Country dried peaches, 10c per pound

Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound

Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.

Fresh Eggs 35c per doz

Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen

Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz

Bananas, 15c and 20c doz

New York State apples \$4.00 to \$6.00 per barrel

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound

Dressed cocks, 7c per pound

Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 8c per pound; live turkeys, 12c per pound

Dressed geese, 11c per pound to choice lots, live 5½

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Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter

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Choice timothy hay, \$18 00

No. 1 timothy hay, \$17 00

Choice clover hay, \$16 00

No. 1 clover hay, \$16 00

Clean, bright straw hay, \$5.00

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White seed oats, 55c

Black seed oats, 55c

Mixed seed oats, 48c

No. 2 white corn, 55c

No. 2 mixed corn, 55c

Winter wheat bran, \$26.00

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ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb

"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb

Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 1½

Tallow—No. 1, 4½; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear

Grease, 21c. medium, tub washed, 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tubwashed, 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old geese, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

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